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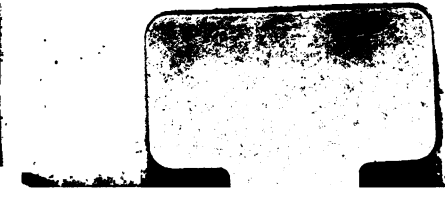

# EPIGRAMS.

A

# SELECTION

OF

# ENGLISH EPIGRAMS,

EXTRACTED PRINCIPALLY

FROM THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN JOURNALS;
AND COMPRISING THE MOST VALUABLE OF
THOSE CONTAINED IN THE BRITISH
MARTIAL; WITH SOME
ORIGINALS.

BOSTON:
*Printed by Joshua Belcher.*
1812.

KC 11858

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*District of Massachusetts, to-wit:*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the second day of September, in the thirty fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOSHUA BELCHER, of the said district, has deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit: "A Selection of English Epigrams, extracted principally from the British and American Journals; and comprising the most valuable of those contained in the British Martials with some Originals.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act intitled, "An Act supplementary to an act, intitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

WILLIAM S. SHAW, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

Joseph S. Hart, No. 25 Union St. Charlestown MASS.

# PREFACE.

A COLLECTION of epigrams, published in London, under the title of the "BRITISH MARTIAL," first suggested the idea of the present work. It was contemplated, at first, to publish that compilation entire, in two volumes; but on examination, not more than a quarter part of that work was considered of sufficient merit to deserve a republication. The idea of reprinting the whole was therefore relinquished; and a SELECTION OF EPIGRAMS was undertaken, which should comprise the most valuable of those contained in the British Martial, together with such others of real merit, as might be gleaned from those miscellaneous publications to which convenient access could be had. The British and

American journals were accordingly laid under contribution; nor did those of France entirely escape pillage. Many a mouldering volume, which had long been quietly inurned, has been compelled to burst its cearments; and from many a heap of unpromising rubbish have been called into light gems of pre-eminent lustre. Of the result of these humble researches a specimen is offered in this little volume; in which, perhaps, is compressed as much wit, as can be found in any book, of equal magnitude, in the English language.

The epigram is received with complacency in all ranks of society. With the grave and the gay, the old and the young, the learned and the illiterate, it is equally welcome. From all it commands the tribute of a smile. To collect therefore into a nutshell the wit of ages, scattered over a waste of miscellaneous and periodical works, was deemed a labour, which would be rewarded with the publick approbation.

The epigram is considered by the criticks as the last and the least considerable of all the labours of poesy. Some one has remarked, that good epigrams are oftener the effect of accident, or a happy thought, than the offspring of genius. To write a perfect one, uniting brevity, neatness, elegance, force, and wit, is not, however, an easy task. Rapin declared it sufficient for an individual writer, to produce one good epigram.

"The word *Epigram* signifies *Inscription*; for epigrams derive their origin from those inscriptions placed by the ancients on their statues, temples, pillars, triumphal arches, and the like; which, at first, were very short, being sometimes no more than a single word, but afterwards, increasing their length, they made them in verse, to be the better retained by the memory. This short way of writing came at last to be used upon any occasion or subject; and hence the name of *Epigram* has been given to any little copy of verses, without

regard to the original application of such poems."

An epigram, according to its modern acceptation, is defined by the critics to be, *A little poem, or composition in verse, treating of one thing only, and whose distinguishing characters are* BREVITY, BEAUTY, *and* POINT.

With respect to BREVITY, its usual limits are from two to twenty lines; but those are considered best which do not exceed eight. The shorter it is, the better and the more perfect, as it partakes more of the nature and character of this kind of poem. The epigram being only the expression of a single thought, it ought to be compressed in a little compass, or else it loses its force and strength.

The BEAUTY required in an epigram is a harmony and an apt agreement of all its parts, a sweet simplicity, and polite language.

The POINT is a sharp, lively, and unexpected turn of wit, with which an epigram ought to be concluded. There are some critics,

indeed, who will not admit the *point* in an epigram, but require the thought to be equally diffused through the whole poem; which is usually the practice of Catullus, as the former is of Martial. It is allowed that there is more delicacy in the manner of Catullus; but the *point* is more agreeable to the general taste, and seems to be the chief characteristick of this poem.

An epigram may be considered as consisting of two parts, the recital of the subject and the close. The subject should be explained with neatness and simplicity, and the close, or point, expressed in a few forcible words, not to exceed a line, if possible. These are the principal rules, which have been laid down by the best criticks, for the conduct of the epigram.

The oldest epigrams which have been handed down to us, are those of the Greeks. Their principal merit is delicacy and simplicity. If we consult the Anthology, we shall

find in the Greek epigrams very little of what is called *point*. They have not the *sel piquant*, the poignant wit, of Martial; but they possess a certain sweetness, which is not unpleasing to a good taste. They are not, however, generally relished; and a Greek epigram, or an epigram *à la Grecque*, as it is called by the French, is now understood to mean something extremely flat and insipid. But we ought not to consider ourselves competent judges of the true merit of the epigrams of the Anthology. It is impossible to comprehend all their delicacy and beauty, their allusions and relations, their ingenuity and wit, after an interval of two thousand years.*

The epigrams of the Romans are much better suited to our taste, than those of the Greeks. They are not deficient in pungency, and contain some exquisite specimens of pointed wit and satire. At the head of the

* Many of the remarks contained in this Preface are derived from the *Encyclopédie Francoise*.

Roman epigrammatists stand Catullus and Martial. The epigrams of the latter are very numerous: but it must be acknowledged, that he often carried point beyond propriety; and that his wit and his style are sometimes equally unchaste.

In the epigrams of the ancients (particularly of the Greeks) the principal characteristick is *beauty*: in those of the moderns, *brevity* and *point* are the most conspicuous qualities. Of the latter class are most of those which are contained in the present volume.

The criticks have proscribed the *pun*, and have refused it a niche in the temple of wit; but on the *equivoque*, or pun, many of the most pleasing English epigrams are founded. This imperfection, therefore, has not been considered a sufficient cause to exclude them from this collection.

A more serious objection lies against another class of epigrams, which would otherwise be an ornament to the English language;

that of overstepping the bounds of modesty. In this offence there are so many different gradations of criminality, that it was found difficult to draw the line of demarcation between innocence and guilt. If any in this collection should be thought exceptionable in this respect, it is hoped the reader will find an apology, in the quantity of sterling wit which has *actually*, though reluctantly, been sacrificed upon the altar of Delicacy.

# EPIGRAMS.

I.

FOR Jack's good life to certify,
Nor friends, nor strangers can be got:
Those who *don't* know him, know not why;
Those, who *do* know him, know why not.

II.

You every where speak *ill* of me,
While I speak always in your *praise*;
But how unfortunate are we!
No soul believes what *either* says.

III.

"I laugh," a would-be-sapient cries,
"At every one that laughs at me:"
"Good Lord!" a sneering friend replies,
"How merry you must always be!"

IV.

One, who, when ask'd, would not comply,
Exclaim'd, "*I've other fish to fry.*"
A Frenchman, who o'erheard the saying,
Soon misapplied it this odd way in;
"*I vould do dat vich you do vish,*
"*But I must go and fry some fish.*"

V.

As Tom along the floor was laid,
His lazy limbs in solemn show;
"You're ill," quoth Sal, "I'm sore afraid;"
"Indeed,' says Tom, "I'm *very low.*"

VI.

"Let the loud thunder roll along the skies;
Clad in my *virtue*, I the storm despise:"
"Indeed," cries Peter; "how your lot I bless!—
To be so *shelter'd* in so *thin* a dress."

VII.

Gold is so ductile, learned chemists say,
That half an ounce will reach a wondrous way:
*Our* metal's base, or else the chemists err;
For, now-a-days, a guinea *won't go far.*

## VIII.

*On the approaching Nuptials of a Young Lady with a Mr.* GREY.

With all that blooming sweetness in thy face,
With beauty radiant as the god of day,
With active limbs, shape, elegance and grace,
With all these *tests of youth*—you'll soon be *Grey*.

## IX.

*Short Waistcoats.*

"Stop, stop, you rogue," cried crazy *Jack*,
And seiz'd a modern beau;
The thing, alarm'd, bow'd low, and said,
"An't please you, sir, I'll go."
"Not you, by Jove!—you're caught at last;
For all the world can see
You're he that plays so many pranks—
You're Mr. NO-BODY."

## X.

*On the same.*

Long since it has been justly said,
"A silly fopling has no *head*;"
But now, as modern fashions go,
Nor *head* nor *body* has a beau!

XI.

Nature, adapting all things to their place,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face:
Not Packwood's razors, though the very best,
Could shave a chin, that *never is at rest.*

XII.

Quoth Bet, "Since I have thought at all,
I've form'd this steadfast rule;
Let whate'er other ill befall,
Never to wed a *fool.*"
Says Jack, "Then nothing can, I fear,
From celibacy save you;
For, take my word for it, my dear,
None but a *fool* will have you."

XIII.

Two wanton Cupids took their stands
In the large orbs of Lucy's eyes—
A third, with supplicating hands,
To gain admission vainly tries.

Fiercely they thrust the rogue away—
When lo! on Lucy's breast he fell;
And nestling there, I heard him say,
"Thanks, friends! THIS suits me quite as well."

## XIV.

*On the Marriage of a Mr.* HUSBAND *to a Miss* BREEDING, *of Durham.*

When single, you were *Breeding*; yet
'Twas known you were a maid:
A *Husband* you, when *Breeding*, met,
And soon a wife were made.

Indeed, fair dame, this match has prov'd
A very odd proceeding:
Your *Husband*, single, *Breeding* lov'd;
You, wedded, leave off *Breeding*.

## XV.

*On the elopement of a Lady with her* FOOTMAN, *while a gentleman nicknamed Dr.* TOE *was paying his addresses to her.*

'Twixt footman John and Dr. Toe
A rivalship befel,
Which should be the happy beau,
And bear away the belle.

The footman gain'd the lady's heart;
And who can blame her? No man!
The *whole* prevail'd against *its part*;
'Twas *Foot*-man versus *Toe*-man.

## XVI.

*On the Marriage of* JOHN JOYS *to* MERCY BOND.

Though John for Mercy long had pray'd,
And many schemes for *Mercy* laid,
Yet *Mercy* still, of Hymen fond,
Put off her *Joys*, and kept her *Bond*.

John (parry'd thus) the vicar ply'd,
And soon his Reverence *Mercy* cry'd!
Consenting *Mercy* heard his voice,
And gave her BOND for dearer JOYS.

## XVII.

Says Kate to Ralph, with syren lure
Her ancle full in view,
That is the lovesick number sure,
Where *one and one make* TWO.

Quoth Ralph, (a wag in gallantry)
"The figure's not uncivil;
But, Kate, where *one and one make* THREE,
It plays, you know, the devil."

## XVIII.

Ann, in yon transparent laver
Though to wash your face you seem,
Trust me, 'tis a vain endeavour—
You but soil the limpid stream.

## XIX.

The lying world says naughty words
Of you and me, my dearest love:
You know, my dear, the world's the Lord's;
Let 'em no longer *liars* prove.

## XX.

*On seeing the Picture of* NASH, *between the Busts of* NEWTON *and* POPE, *in the Pump room at Bath.*

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and wit are *little* seen,
But folly at *full length.*

## XXI.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

## XXII.

A haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets;
*Base men* to take the *wall*, I ne'er permit;
The scholar said, "I do;" and gave *him* it.

## XXIII.

### *On a Bee stifled in Honey.*

From flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest, busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is, in the sweets she hoards, to die.

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve;
But if we *plunge* too deep, destroy.

## XXIV.

When fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said;
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

## XXV.

*On buying a Bible.*

'Tis but folly to rejoice, or boast
How small a price thy well-bought purchase cost.
Until thy death, thou shalt not fully know
Whether it was a pennyworth, or no;
And at that time, believe me, 'twill appear
Extremely cheap, or else extremely dear.

## XXVI.

I only begg'd to kiss your hand,
You said your lips I might command;
Should I now ask those lips to kiss,
Would you not grant a greater bliss?

## XXVII.

*Dialogue between an old Incumbent, and the Person promised the next Presentation.*

"I'm glad to see you well"...O faithless breath!
What, glad to see me well, and wish my death?
"No more, (replies the youth,) Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your *Living*."

## XXVIII.

A woman is a *book*, and often found
To prove far better in the *sheets*, than *bound*;
No wonder, then, some students take delight,
Above all things, to *study in the night*.

## XXIX.

*Beauty venal.*

Tempt but the fair with pieces ten,
If naughty, she'll consent t' ye;
But is she chaste? Excuse her then,
She yields not—*under twenty*.

## XXX.

*To a Lady who disdained to have the Author called her Lover.*

Lord, Miss, how folks can frame a lie!
Love you, said they? By *Jove* not I.
Both *Jove* and you may witness bring
I never dreamt of such a thing.
Henceforth bid jealousy be gone;
Thyself, dear self, is thine alone:
From fear of rivals thou art free:
—O! were I half so blest as thee.

## XXXI.

*On a fat Gentleman.*

When C—r—ts walks the streets, the paviours cry,
"God bless you, Sir!" and lay their rammers by.

## XXXII.

Let the good man, for nuptial rites design'd,
Turn over *every page* of woman-kind;
Mark ev'ry sense and how the readings vary,
And when he's read 'em through, then let him marry.

## XXXIII.

You say you nothing owe, and so I say;
He only owes, who something has to pay.

## XXXIV.

To Lady Mary, Belair makes addresses,
Presents he makes, sighs, presses, and professes.
Is she so fair? No lady so ill off.
What is so captivating then? *Her cough.*

## XXXV.

An *Ensign's* post you ask, and that's denied:
Ask for a *Colonel's*—less 'twill hurt your pride.

## XXXVI.

*On Dr.* YOUNG's *Night Thoughts, on Life, Death, and Immortality.*

His Life shall live; his Death shall never die;
Immortal is his Immortality.

## XXXVII.

*On a Lady, married to a foolish Fop.*

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future wo,
Chose to attend a *monkey, here,*
Before an *ape, below.*

## XXXVIII.

Dear Fabius, me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe;
If right yourself you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.

## XXXIX.

Phillis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle;
Come give it me, why should you make
So much ado about a *trifle?*

## XL.

*On a Stone thrown, that missed a Thick Head.*

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the *head*,
From a flint so unluckily thrown—
I think very diff'rent with thousands indeed,—
'Twas a lucky escape for the *stone*.

## XLI.

*A Pun with a vengeance. Imitated from Martial.**

A Landlord of *Bath* put upon me a queer hum;
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me *mere rum*.

## XLII.

In the dictionary of words, as our Johnson affirms,
Purse and budget are nearly synonymous terms;
But perhaps upon earth there's no contrast so great,
As Budget and Purse, in the dictionary of state:—
The Minister's language all language reverses;
For filling his Budget is empting our Purses.

* Callidus imposuit nuper mihi *Caupo*, *Ravennæ*;
Cum peterem *mixtum*, vendidit ille *merum*.

## XLIII.

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of larum runs;
Two phrases answer every part:
One *gain'd*, one *breaks* her husband's heart;
*I will*, she said, when made a bride;—
*I won't*—through all her life beside.

## XLIV.

*Reverse, and be right.*

In modern Anarch's reign absurd,
Whatever maggot bites the herd,
*The order of the day*'s the word,
Throughout confusion's border;
But Heaven (the wise and worthy pray)
Will soon turn things another way,
And, for the *orders of the day*,
Restore the *days of order*.

## XLV.

*To an affected Old Maid.*

Tho' 'papa and mamma,' my dear,
So prettily you call,
Yet you methinks, yourself, appear,
The grand-mamma of all.

## XLVI.

How old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task,
For Phillis really has two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belied,
And Phillis is some forty-three.

## XLVII.

"*Bear* and *forbear*;" thus preach the stoick sages;
And in two words include the sense of pages.
"With patience *bear* life's certain ills; and oh!
"*Forbear* those pleasures that must end in wo."

## XLVIII.

As Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And, face to face, the noisy contest wage;
"Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick smartly cries;
"Fear not! his head's not *charg'd*," a friend replies.

## XLIX.

Celsus, who late, tho' void of skill,
Profess'd the healing art,
Now acts, in league with *Pluto* still,
The Undertaker's part.

The Doctor's practice, tending more
To slaughter than to save,
Is now the same as 'twas before,
*To send folks to their grave.*

## L.

### Diogenes *to* Aristippus.

Cloy'd with ragouts, you scorn my simple food,
And think good eating is man's only good:
I ask no more than temperance can give;
You live to eat, I only eat—to live.

## LI.

Three lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
Display'd their charms before my critick eyes;
Superiour beauty heighten'd every grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race:
But I who, bless'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a Venus was,—and pleas'd them *all.*

LII.

I've oft been told by learned friars,
That wishing and the crime are one,
And that the Gods record desires,
As much as if the deed were done.
If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our hearts content;
Come then, my love, let us enjoy
Some *pleasure* for our *punishment!*

LIII.

With wig profound, old Galen cries,
"*My* patients ne'er complain!"
I do believe thee, Ned replies,
Thou put'st them—out of pain.

LIV.

Nature abhors a *Vacuum!* Bubo said.
Bubo, you're wrong—the *Vacuum's* in your head.

LV.

Because I'm silent, for a fool
Beau Clincher doth me take;
I know he's one, by surer rule,
For—I heard Clincher speak.

LVI.

See Clodio happy in his own dear sense,
And hark! the World cries, "coxcomb in th' excess!"
Now let me undertake the fop's defence—
What man could ever be *content with less?*

LVII.

*A Father's Example.*

Why in your breast so dubious a debate
Between a married and a single state?
A father's wise example ne'er miscarried,
And *he*, you know friend Thomas, never married.

LVIII.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt; and then, to pay,
He *distanc'd* all—and ran away.

LIX.

*On* NEWTON.

Nature, and nature's laws lay hid in night:—
God said "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

## LX.

Says my Lord to his Cook, "You son of a punk,
How comes it I see you, thus every day drunk?
Physicians, they say, once a month do allow
A man for his health to get drunk as a sow."
"That's right," quoth the Cook, "but the time they don't say,
"So for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk ev'ry day."

## LXI.

By our Pastor perplext,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the TEXT,
"Go to sleep," says the SERMON.

## LXII.

Upon some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish curate as he went;
But just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he past him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman stopp'd, and turning, sternly said—
"I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than fed!"
"Why, aye," says Tom, still jogging on, "that's true:
"Thank GOD! he feeds me, but I'm taught by *you*."

## LXIII.

*To a Lady who drew the Steel Pins from her Bonnet in a Thunder Storm.*

Cease, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,
Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair,
For fruitless and fond is thy toil,
Since nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,
And thine eye so bewitchingly shine,
Thy endeavour must still be in vain;
For *attraction* will always be thine.

## LXIV.

No wonder that *Oxford* and *Cambridge* profound,
In learning and science so greatly abound;
Since some carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few, who bring any away.

## LXV.

To rob the publick two contractors come;
One cheats in *corn*, the other cheats in *rum*.
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
The *rogue in spirit*, or the *rogue in grain*.

## LXVI.

*Monition to the Ladies.*

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn,
Steals roses from the blushing morn;
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
*Aurora* steals them back again.

## LXVII.

He, that a watch would carry, this must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

## LXVIII.

When Trot in coach his foot first set,
He blush'd, and back a step reclin'd;
For *Trot* himself could not forget
How many years he *rode behind.*

## LXIX.

*To a bad Poet.*

One fault (I cannot bear poetick singing)
Thy verses have; and that is the *beginning;*
But, this one fault in some sort to amend,
They have one excellence, and that's the *end.*

## LXX.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
Whene'er I hear the cries of wo,
My hand is always open.

I own, says Joe, that to the poor,
You prove it every minute;
Your hand is open to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it.

## LXXI.

*On Dr.* HILL's *Farce, called the Rout.*

For physick and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physick,
His physick a farce is.

## LXXII.

*On a Natural Child, destroyed by its Mother.*

'Twas love, that conquer'd shame, and gave thee breath;
And shame, that conquer'd love, decreed thy death.

## LXXIII.

Did love, like agues, ever intermit,
How should we blush, in absence of the fit!

## LXXIV.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Siren* in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
—But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

## LXXV.

To Damon's self his love's confin'd;
No harm therein I see;
This happiness attends his choice,
Unrivall'd he will be.

## LXXVI.

### *On a Fop.*

No wonder he is vain of *coat* or *ring*;
Vain of *himself*, he may of any thing.

## LXXVII.

"To fortune I but little owe,"
A losing gamester cried.
Be thankful then, for all must know,
You owe enough beside.

## LXXVIII.

A certain priest had hoarded up
A secret mass of gold;
But where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not told.
At last it came into his head
To lock it in a chest,
Within the chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Long wishd for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay,
Purloin'd the gold, and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote *Resurrexit, non hic est,*—
Your God is rose, and gone.

## LXXIX.

Pensive Strephon, cease repining,
Give thy injur'd stars their due;
There's no room for all this pining,
Be Dorinda false or true.
If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross?
And if sway'd by whim or passion,
Let her leave thee,—where's the loss?

## LXXX.

"I'll follow thy fortune, a termagant cries,"
Whose extravagance caus'd all the evil;
"That were some consolation," the husband replies,
"For my fortune has gone to the devil."

## LXXXI.

John puffs himself. Forbear to chide;
An insect vile and mean
Must, well he knows, be magnified,
Before it can be seen.

## LXXXII.

His last great debt is paid—Poor Tom's no more.
*Last* debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

## LXXXIII.

By one decisive argument,
Giles gain'd his lovely Kate's consent,
To fix the bridal day:
"Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?
"I shall not change my mind," she said;
"But then," says he, "*I may.*"

## LXXXIV.

*Sins sunk with the Confessor.*

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd,
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

## LXXXV.

*On hearing of the Marriage of a Fellow of* ALL-SOULS *College.*

Silvio, so strangely love his mind controls,
Has, for *one single body*, left *All Souls*.

## LXXXVI.

*On Bishop* ATTERBURY's *burying the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

"I have no hopes," the duke he says, and dies:
"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries.
Of these two noted peers, I prithee, say man,
Which is the lying knave—the priest or layman?

## LXXXVII.

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it,—
"She keeps her bed!"—'Mine's worse,' said Phil,
'The jade has just now sold it!'

## LXXXVIII.

Dormouse esteems it wondrous odd,
That people, when he preaches, nod,
As if he were a very proser.
Take comfort, Dormouse!—though they blame
Your oratory, you may claim
The merit of a rare *composer*.

## LXXXIX.

*The best Nobility.*

That I was *noble* born, allow you must;
*Chaste* was my *mother*, and my *father just*.

## XC.

Jack, who thinks all his own that once he handles,
For practice sake, purloin'd a pound of candles;
Was taken in the fact:—Ah, thoughtless wight!
To steal such things as needs must come to *light*.

## XCI.

From the same cause we oft perceive
Diff'rent effects arise:
Thus Slop by drugs contrives to *live*,
While every patient *dies*.

## XCII.

*On a Coxcomical Physician.*

When Florio for the sickly fair indites,
And minds not *what*, so much as *how*, he writes,
His patients, as his graceful form they scan,
Cry, with ill-omen'd rapture—*Killing man!*

## XCIII.

"This splendid dress was made for me,"
Cries Sugar Plum, the saucy cit;
Observers answer—"That may be,
"But you were never made for it."

## XCIV.

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain,
"Is always right," says sprightly Jane.
'Ah, would to heav'n!' cries graver Sue,
'What's right were fashionable too!'

## XCV.

Myrtle unsheath'd his shining blade,
And fix'd its point against his breast;
Then gaz'd upon the wond'ring maid,
And thus his dire resolve exprest:

"Since, cruel fair, with cold disdain,
"You still return my raging love,
"Thought is but madness, life but pain,
"And thus at once I both remove."

"O stay one moment!"—Chloe said,
And trembling hasten'd to the door:
"Here Betty!—quick!—a pail dear maid;—
"This mad-man, else, will stain the floor."

## XCVI.

Money and man a mutual friendship show;
Man makes false money, money makes man so.

## XCVII.

Midas, they say, possess'd the art, of old,
Of turning whatsoe'er he touch'd to gold.
This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease;
Touch them with *gold, they'll turn to what you please.*

## XCVIII.

*On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a present of Books to Cambridge, by King George the First.*

The King observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his Universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That *learned* body wanted *loyalty*:
To th' other he sent *books*, as well discerning
How much that *loyal* body wanted *learning*.

## XCIX.

*The Answer.*

The King to *Oxford* sent his troop of horse;
For *Tories* own *no argument but force*.
With equal care to *Cambridge*, books he sent;
For *Whigs* allow *no force but argument*.

## C.

*The skilful Painter.*

The glow which Iris' cheeks possess
Is something more than Nature's dress;
Yet such her happy knack,
Although she *paints*, there's none can boast
Of knowing which she uses most,—
*Carmine* or *Cogniac*.

## CI.

### *On a Dispute between Dr.* RADCLIFFE *and Sir* GODFREY KNELLER.

Sir Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way,
Into one common garden, and each had a key:
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
"If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
"Your threats," replied Radcliffe, "disturb not my ease;
"And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please."
"You're smart," rejoins Kneller; "but say what you will,
"I'll *take* any thing from *you*—but *potion* or *pill*."

## CII.

Cries logical Bobby to Ned, "Will you dare
To bet, which has most legs, a mare, or *no mare?*"
A mare, to be sure, replies Ned, with a grin;
And fifty I'll lay, for I'm certain to win.
Quoth Bob, "You have lost, sure as you are alive;
A mare has but four legs, and *no mare* has five."

## CIII.

The prophet Balaam was in wonder lost,
To hear his ass speak:—Asses now talk most.

## CIV.

Young Corydon, a forward blade,
The offspring of a 'squire,
Address'd a lovely, blooming maid,
Whose father was a dyer.

"A dyer's daughter!" cries his dad,
"What marry her! O fye!"
"Why not, Sir?" says the honest lad,
"You know *we all must die.*"

## CV.

*To a bad Fiddler.*

Old Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick,
But thou *mov'st* nothing but—thy *fiddle-stick.*

## CVI.

*On the Venus de Medicis.*

The trunk to great Praxiteles we owe,
The head to the great Michael Angelo;
Each brought his part to perfect the design.
When join'd, O Angelo! the work is thine!
Viewing the *trunk*, we curse relentless time;
But when we view the *head*, forgive the crime.

## CVII.

Your Comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half you've pilfer'd best:
But sure the piece you yet may mend;
Take courage, then, and steal the rest.

## CVIII.

*Why* ACTÆON *was turned into a Stag.*

He saw a goddess naked! charming sight!
All her maids too—for she did not alone lie:
She turn'd him to a brute—not (take me right)
For *only peeping*—but—for *peeping only.*

## CIX.

*Dr.* BREWSTER *of Cambridge was put out of Commons for not attending Chapel, on which occasion he wrote the following Epigram.*

To fast and pray, we are by Heaven taught;
O could I practise either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty such,
I pray too little, and I fast too much."*

* This Epigram procured his restoration.

## CX.

*Good wives* to *Snails* should be *a-kin,*
*Always their houses keep within;*
But not to carry (Fashion's hacks !)
*All they are worth upon their backs.*

*Good wives* like *Echoes* still should do,
*Speak but when they're spoken to;*
But not like *Echoes* (most absurd !)
*To have for ever the last word.*

*Good wives* like *City Clocks* should rhyme,
*Be regular, and keep in time:*
But not like *City Clocks* aloud
*Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.*

## CXI.

St. George, to save a maid, a dragon slew;
A gallant action, grant the thing were true:
Some say there are no *dragons*—nay, 'tis said,
There's no *St. George!* Pray heaven there be a *maid!*

## CXII.

### *Transmutation.*

Such a liar as Peter, I never came nigh;
Put a truth in his mouth, it will come out a lie.

## CXIII.

*On the Death of Mr.* REMNANT, *Undertaker.*

Is Remnant gone? Each mournful eye
  Confirms the mournful tale:
He, who oft heard the heartfelt sigh,
  Now bids our griefs prevail.

But cease, ye mourning friends, to weep;
  Be on this stone engrav'd,
"God has ordain'd, of those who sleep,
  A *Remnant* shall be sav'd!"

## CXIV.

As Tom was one day in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his manners to mend;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many;
"They lie," replied Tom—"for I never had any."

## CXV.

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word—for, by G— I'll write prose:
Poor Colly, thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know the last word, is the word that lasts longest.

## CXVI.

*Archbishop* KING *and Dr.* HALLEY.

With age exhausted, and his vigour fled,
Says King to Halley, "I've a mind to wed:"
Arch Halley answer'd, with sarcastick face,
"I hope you'll make me *chaplain* to your Grace."

## CXVII.

Young Damon vows, nay, hear him swear,
He'll "dance with none but what are *fair*:"
Suppose we girls a law dispense,
To dance with none but *men of sense;*
"Suppose you should—pray, Ma'am, what then?"
*Why, Sir, you'd never dance again.*

## CXVIII.

"To think of death," said madame Clare,
"Is *doing well.*"—Last night the fair,
Thinking of death, in earnest died:
"'Twas *doing well,*" her husband cried.

## CXIX.

O mourn not for Anacreon fled!
O weep not for Anacreon dead!
The lyre still breathes, that liv'd before,
For we have one *Anacreon Moore.*

## CXX.

*On finding a pair of Shoes on a Lady's Bed.*

Well may Suspicion shake its head,—
Well may Clarinda's spouse be jealous,
When the dear wanton takes to bed
Her very *shoes*—because they're *fellows*.

## CXXI.

*On a* MARKET-HOUSE *being converted into an* ASSEMBLY-HALL.

How odd the change! how strange the whim!
Quoth witty Jack to humorous Jill;
Not strange at all, quoth Jill to him—
'Tis us'd for *making markets* still.

## CXXII.

Says Damon, as he gently press'd
Fair Indiana to his breast,
Can you to me the reason give,
That when your sex a kiss receive,
They sometimes wipe the same away?"
She quick reply'd, without delay,
"That may be solv'd without much pother;
*'Tis purposely to have another.*"

## CXXIII.

*On the arming of the Volunteers of Great Britain.*

*In arms* all day, and every day they toil
To guard the fair of Briton's happy isle:
Ye fair, be not ungrateful, but unite
To guard each lad ye love *in arms* all night.

## CXXIV.

Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes;
And yet in this no vanity is shown—
A modest man may like—*what's not his own.*

## CXXV.

Joe Sprightly once courted a beautiful maid;
She ask'd, "Had he form'd a connexion in trade?"
"Not yet," he replied, "but I have one in view,
For I hope to become *sleeping partner* with you."

## CXXVI.

On Tuesday next, says Tom to Ned,
I'll dine with you and take a bed;—
You may believe him, William cries,
For where Tom *dines* he always *lies.*

## CXXVII.

You wish me to correct your lines
With as few blots as well can be:
Good friend, I've follow'd your designs;
Only *one* blot is made by me;
But 'tis so large, I must confess,
It covers *all* your fine M. S.

## CXXVIII.

### *Epitaph on a noted Liar.*

Here's old Johnny Anderson, *lying* in dust;
Or *lying* old Anderson, choose which ye trust:
To say he *lies* dead, can do him no wrong,
For we all know old Johnny *lied* all his life long.

## CXXIX.

### *Epitaph.*

☞ Criticks assert, that *brevity* and *point* constitute the *summum bonum* both of the *epitaph* and the *epigram*. The following is certainly as *brief* as *well*-POINTED.

I John Gayre, am ready to swear,
That, though I *lie* ☜ *here*, I'm yet *up* ☝ *there*.

## CXXX.

Robert complain'd in bitter terms one day,
That Frank had ta'en his character away:
"I take your character?"—said Frank;—"why, zounds!
"I would not have it for ten thousand pounds!"

## CXXXI.

*On* DUBOIS, *who was born in a Cart, and killed in a Duel.*

Begot in a cart, in a cart first drew breath;
Cart and tierce was his life, and a cart was his death.

## CXXXII.

*On a Mr.* SMART *being married to a Miss* PAIN.

Two lovers, pierc'd by Cupid's dart,
Long sigh'd for Hymen's chain;
She kindly wish'd to have his SMART,
And he to have her PAIN.

A priest they call'd, nor call'd in vain,
His blessing to impart;
He soon gave longing Colin PAIN,
And made fond Lucy SMART.

## CXXXIII.

My Polly's most divinely fair,
Soft, tender, lovely, sweet, and young;
How delicate her shape and air,
And what enchantment arms her tongue;
Her swimming eye! her swelling breast!
From her the Graces ne'er are sunder'd;
This charm too add, which crowns the rest,—
She can be constant—to a hundred.

## CXXXIV.

My lord and his lady scold, wrangle, and fight;
Yet are both of one mind, and are both in the right.
She calls him a fool—He knows he's not wise;
He calls her a whore—and she can't say he lies.

## CXXXV.

*On the late King's Statue on the top of Bloomsbury Spire.*

The King of Great Britain was reckoned before
The head of the Church, by all good Christian people:
His subjects of Bloomsbury have added one more
To his titles, and made him the head of the Steeple.

## CXXXVI.

Here Aretin interr'd doth lie,
Whose satire lash'd both high and low:
His God alone it spar'd; and why?
His God, he said, he did not know.

## CXXXVII.

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand, or go;—if he says true, he *lies*.

## CXXXVIII.

Happy the youth who can but see
Thy beauty's form; yet happier he
Who hangs enamour'd on thy song,
And drinks the musick of thy tongue:
Almost a god is he who sips
The balmy nectar of thy lips;
But oh! to whom you *all* resign,
Is quite immortal and divine.

## CXXXIX.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brim full of pride and pelf:
No wonder that he don't remember *me*;
Why so? you see he has forgot *himself*.

## CXL.

Kind Kitty kiss'd her husband with these words,
Mine own sweet Will, how dearly do I love thee!
If true, quoth Will, the world no such affords;
And that 'tis true, I dare his warrant be.
For ne'er heard I of woman, good or ill,
But always dearly lov'd *her own sweet Will.*

## CXLI.

I know the thing that's most uncommon:
Envy, be silent, and attend!
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.
Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible, soft, melancholy.
Has she no faults then, (Malice says) Sir?
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's *deaf*, and does not hear.

## CXLII.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats on plate.

CXLIII.

Jack eating rotten cheese did say,
Like Sampson, I my thousands slay:
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

CXLIV.

Give me, great monarch, pounds five score,
For meat and books—I ask no more.
Or—keep the books, and give me meat—
For some folks read, but all must eat.

CXLV.

Ancient Phyllis has new graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself *makes* her own faces,
And each morning wears a *new* one:
Where's the wonder now?

CXLVI.

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

## CXLVII.

Cry'd Strephon panting in Cosmelia's arms,
I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms!
"Alas! cheer up, poor youth," said she,
Dissolv'd in amorous pain;
"All flesh must die, by Fate's decree,
"Ere it can rise again."

## CXLVIII.

Chloe, a jilt while in her prime,
The vainest, ficklest thing alive,
(Behold the strange effects of time!)
Marries and doats at forty-five.
Thus weathercocks, which for a while
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

## CXLIX.

*On seeing a Miser at a Concert in Spring Gardens.*

Musick *has charms to soothe the savage breast,*
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' opprest:
But Vaux-Hall's concerts' more attractive pow'r
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at three score:
O strange effect of musick's matchless force,
T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

## CL.

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for *fool* and for *poet*.

## CLI.

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we've liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

## CLII.

Says *Pontius* in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life;"
Vext *Pontia* could no wise this thesis allow,
"You're a cuckold," says she, "do I tell you truth now?"

## CLIII.

*On a set of bad Dancers.*

How ill the motion with the musick suits;
Thus Orpheus fiddled, and thus danc'd the brutes.

## CLIV.

When Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd,and she gull'd the poor man;
This Moses asserts, and from hence would infer,
That *woman* rules *man*, and the *Devil* rules *her*.

## CLV.

Come, Peg, be quick, and make the bed;
Come tuck the feet, and plack the head;
I'll kiss you, if you don't bestir ye:
Quoth Peg, I can't abide to hurry.

## CLVI.

*Written in a Lady's Prayer Book.*

In vain, Clarinda, night and day,
For mercy to the gods you pray;
What arrogance on Heaven to call
For that which you deny to all.

## CLVII.

The golden hair, that Galla wears,
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

## CLVIII.

*On Lord **** beautifying the back front of his House.*

On silver Thames I've daily row'd,
Some twenty years or thirty,
And still my lord his backside show'd,
Black, yellow, brown, and dirty.
But t'other morn, surpris'd I cry'd,
So white, so clean, it made is,
This cannot be my lord's backside,—
It surely is my lady's.

## CLIX.

Tom, ever jovial ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree,—
So diff'rent is our whim:
The fellow fondly *laughs* at me,
And I could *cry* for him.

## CLX.

*Chloe's Conduct.*

Prithee, is not miss Chloe's a comical case?
She lets out her *tail*, and she borrows her *face*.

## CLXI.

When Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her own,
"Ye gods! (she cries, in ecstacy of heart)
"How near can nature be exprest by art!
"'Tis wondrous like!"—Like, Madam? very true;
The canvas *painted* is, and so are *you*.

## CLXII.

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft tells me, Billy, I shall die:
I griev'd, but recollected straight,
'Tis bootless to contend with fate:
So resignation to Heav'n's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will to spare my wife.

## CLXIII.

Chloe her gossips entertains,
With stories of her child-bed pains,
And fiercely against Hymen rails;
But Hymen's not so much to blame;
She knows, unless her memory fails,
Ere wedded, she had much the same.

## CLXIV.

Pox on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

## CLXV.

*The Reply.*

Damn it! cries Hearne, in furious fret;
Whate'er I learn, you'll soon forget.

## CLXVI.

*On a famous Physician being called out of Church.*

Whilst holy pray'rs to heav'n were made,
One soon was heard and answer'd too;
*Save us from sudden death,* was said,
And straight from church Sir John withdrew.

## CLXVII.

*Dr.* ALDRICH's *five Reasons for Drinking.*

Good wine;—a friend;—or being dry;—
Or lest we should be bye and bye;—
Or, any other reason why.

## CLXVIII.

Well then! since, deaf to all I've said,
You're coy as at the first,
Die with the odium of a maid;—
Can you be more accurst?

## CLXIX.

The bright bewitching Fanny's eyes,
A *thousand* hearts have won,
Whilst she, regardless of the prize,
Securely keeps her own.
Ah! what a dreadful girl are you,
Who, if you e'er design
To make me happy, must undo
999!

## CLXX.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Simon fears that he shall die;
His wife—that he may live.

CLXXI.

Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom;
Not forc'd to wander, but confin'd at home.

CLXXII.

Some for the ancients zealously declare;
Others, again, our modern wits prefer;
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told—
Those once were new; but these will ne'er be old.

CLXXIII.

ROCHESTER's *Epitaph on* CHARLES II.

Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

CLXXIV.

Belinda has such store of charms,
'Tis Heav'n to lie within her arms;
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in Heaven.

## CLXXV.

We men have many faults,—
Poor women have but two:
There's nothing good they say—
There's nothing good they do.

## CLXXVI.

*On a beautiful Young Lady.*

Cyprus must now two Venus's adore;
Ten are the Muses, and the Graces four:
So charming Flavia's wit, so sweet her face,
She's a new *Muse*, a *Venus*, and a *Grace*.

## CLXXVII.

Bet, if kind heaven would grant to me
A leash of beauties, such as thee,
I'd give the Devil at one word
Two, if he'd take away the third.

## CLXXVIII.

Young Courtley takes me for a dunce,
For all night long he spoke but once;
On better grounds I think him such—
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

## CLXXIX.

*The indelicate Repartee.*

Once on a time, I fair Dorinda kist,
Whose nose was too distinguish'd to be mist.
My dear, says I, I fain would kiss you closer,
But though your lips say Aye, your nose says—No, Sir.
The girl was equally to fun inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lily hand—behind.
Here, Sir, said she, you may securely kiss,
Where there's no nose to interrupt your bliss.

## CLXXX.

Maro, you'll give me nothing while you live,
But, after death, you cry, then, then you'll give;
If thou art not indeed turn'd arrant ass,
Thou know'st what I desire to come to pass.

## CLXXXI.

*To a Young Lady who married a very Old Man.*

Since thou wouldst needs, bewitch'd with some ill charms,
Be buried in those monumental arms:
All we can wish, is, may the earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs, and so good night.

## CLXXXII.

While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While criticks, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire;
While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.
But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine,
In one establish'd fame:
When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
The day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see!

## CLXXXIII.

Said Celia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That they have none in heaven.
They have, says he, no women there:
She quick returns the jest;
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

## CLXXXIV.

In bed Altana's place is lowest: yet
At table in the highest place she's set:
Her easy husband parts with her the sway:
He rules by night,—she governs all the day.

## CLXXXV.

*Written with Lord* CHESTERFIELD's *Diamond Pencil.*

Accept a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

## CLXXXVI.

Quoth Dick to Jack, with phiz full meek and mild;
Dear friend, 'tween you and I, my wife's with child;
Quoth Jack to Dick, Dear friend, that's not so clear;
I'm sure I have not lain with her this year.

## CLXXXVII.

*Love and Hope.*

None, without Hope, e'er lov'd the brightest fair;
But Love can hope where Reason would despair.

## CLXXXVIII.

What's *fame* with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in woman only *reputation ;*
About them both, why keep we such a pother ?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

## CLXXXIX.

*On a Dull Writer.*

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come :
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

## CXC.

True, I confest it yester' morn ;
I've been in love this week or two ;
Yet, cruel maid ! forbear your scorn ;
For take my word,—'tis not with you.

## CXCI.

Tom prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate,
In union so divine :
Wedlock's the end of life, he cry'd :—
Too true, alas ! said Jack, and sigh'd,
'Twill be the end of mine.

## CXCII.

*Propping a Gate.*

Against a gate, Dick had a damsel got;
By chance the owner overheard his plot,
And cry'd, What mean you there, Sir, with your mate?
Quoth Dick, "I only mean to *prop-a-gate.*"

## CXCIII.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

## CXCIV.

Scarce had five months expir'd since John did wed,
When Kate, his fruitful wife, was brought to bed.
How now? quoth John; this is too *soon*, my Kate!
No, John, quoth she, you married me too *late*.

## CXCV.

Thou call'st me ignorant, 'tis true; but how
If I know more than Socrates did know!
He knew one thing, *That he did nothing know;*
I know two things, That I know nought, nor thou.

## CXCVI.

A hum'rous fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill,
Searches his skull, deeper, and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, *Good Surgeon, spare your pains*
*When I began this brawl I had no brains.*

## CXCVII.

*On a Lady stung by a Bee.*

To heal the wound a bee had made
  Upon my Delia's face,
Its honey to the part she laid,
  And bade me kiss the place:
Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
  Suck'd both the sweet and smart:
The honey on my lips I found;
  The sting went through my heart.

## CXCVIII.

Honest Harry's alive! how d'ye know it? says Ned?
O! I'm perfectly sure—for Dick said he was dead.

## CXCIX.

Scotland, thy weather's like a modish wife!
Thy winds and rains forever are at strife:
So Termagant awhile her thunder tries,
And when she can no longer scold—she cries.

## CC.

When Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be rude,
Miss Daphne cried, pish! and ran swift to the wood;
And rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.
The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution,
For sure to turn tree was an odd resolution:
Yet in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,—
For she fled from his *arms*—to distinguish his *brows*.

## CCI.

### Milton.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpast;
The next in majesty—in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a *third*, she join'd the other *two*.

## CCII.

*On being advised to marry.*

Sir, you are prudent, good, and wise:
I own, and thank you from my heart,
And much approve what you advise;
But let me think—before I start.
For folks well able to discern,
Who know what 'tis to take a wife,
Say, 'tis a case of such concern,
A man should think on't—*all his life.*

## CCIII.

*The Effeminate.*

Whilst Nature Billy's clay was blending,
Uncertain what the thing should end in,
Whether a female or a male,
A *pin* dropt in, and turn'd the scale.

## CCIV.

Frank, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas—Come, said I,
Give me a pen, it is but fair,
You take my note:—quoth he, "Hold there;
"Jack! to the cash I've bid adieu;—
"No need to waste my paper too!"

## CCV.

Laura does solitude admire,
A wondrous lover of the dark;
Each night puts out her closet fire,
And just keeps in a *single spark*.
Till four she keeps herself alive,
Warm'd by her piety, no doubt;
Then, tir'd with kneeling, just at five
She sighs—and lets the spark *go out*.

## CCVI.

Give me a girl, if one I needs must meet,
Or in her nuptial, or her winding sheet:
I know but two good hours that women have;
One in the bed, another in the grave.
Thus of the fair sex all I would desire,
Is to enjoy their ashes, or their fire.

## CCVII.

### *Miser and Spendthrift.*

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee;
And well, he thought, advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?

## CCVIII.

*On a Gentleman who married a thin consumptive Lady.*

With a warm skeleton so near,
And wedded to thy arms for life,
When death arrives, it will appear
Less dreadful—'tis so like thy wife.

A spouse so thin, though all agree
Had better much be let alone;
Flesh of thy flesh she cannot be,
Who is made up of only bone.

## CCIX.

Ned would liken himself to Achilles of old.
I hope he'll admit of a single correction;
In his heel lay Achilles's *danger* we're told,
Whilst Ned in his heels finds his only *protection.*

## CCX.

Lye on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

## CCXI.

Our God requireth the *whole heart*, or none,
And yet he will accept a *broken one.*

## CCXII.

### *A Receipt for Courtship.*

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure;
Two or three oaths, how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in a day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

## CCXIII.

### *The Pettifogger.*

No cause nor client fat will Quillus leese,
But as they come on both sides, he takes fees,
And pleaseth both—for while he melts his grease
For this; that wins, for whom he holds his peace.

## CCXIV.

Charles keeps a secret well, or I'm deceiv'd:
For nothing Charles can say will be believ'd.

## CCXV.

Unhappy Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke;
At last, resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right by statute and by law,
A suit in Chancery the wretch begun,
Nine happy terms through bill and answer run,
Obtain'd his cause—had costs—and was undone.

## CCXVI.

I owe, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
*Once* only seen, he chose me for his heir:
True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their rise;
His heir you were not—had he seen you *twice*.

## CCXVII.

*Words felt.*

The Latin word for *cold*, one ask'd his friend;
It is, said he—*'tis at my finger's end.*

## CCXVIII.

Sir Charles, embroider'd, sneers my threadbare vest:
Sir Charles! 'tis paid for.—Now where lies the jest?

## CCXIX.

*The Connoisseur.*

He long has been a *man of taste* complete:
Would that he now had something left to *eat!*

## CCXX.

*On Beauty.*

While Sylvia at her glass her charms unfolds,
And Phaon's eye a double form beholds;
What has the am'rous youth, alas! survey'd?
A shadow one—one soon to be a shade.
A real likeness the kind mirror shews,
Herself that fleeting phantom which she views.

## CCXXI.

*Affectedly nice.*

'Tis strange, Prudilla, you accuse
Of too much warmth my wanton muse,
When you read on with all your might,
And practise what I only write.

## CCXXII.

Bright as the sun, and as the morning fair,
Such Chloe is,—and common as the air.

## CCXXIII.

Tar with beau Fopling caught his wife;
He scream'd and fled; she begg'd for life.
Tar saw contrition in her eyes,
And thus the blunt old sailor cries:
Spouse, the first fault we may forgive,
But ne'er repeat it while you live.

## CCXXIV.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb, but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man enquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire:
Shows Sheba's queen, completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorain's duke, and prince of Greece.

## CCXXV.

*Written under a Statue of Mars, with Marlborough's Face.*

With such an air and mien Mars took the field;
To such a mien and air did Venus yield.

## CCXXVI.

Lucinda has the devil and all,
Of that bright thing we beauty call;
But if she yields not to my arms,
What care I for all her charms?
Beauty's the sauce to love's high meat;
But who minds sauce he must not eat?

## CCXXVII.

*On a Lady who was offended, at being left alone with a Gentleman.*

Why then that blush! allay that needless fear;
Mistaken maid—no ravisher is near!
When thou art next in danger, ask thy glass;
Would any forfeit heaven for such a face?
Whoe'er thy chastity would then molest,
Show 'em thy face—and that will guard the rest.

## CCXXVIII.

Whisp'ring close a maid long courted,
Thus cry'd Drone, by touch transported;
Prithee tell me, gentle Dolly!
Is not loving long a folly?
Yes, said she, with smile reproving,
Loving long, and *only* loving.

## CCXXIX.

*On St. David's Day.*

Why on St. David's day do Welshmen seek,
To beautify their hats with verdant leek,
Of nauseous smell? "For honour 'tis," hur say,
"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria.*"
"Right, Sir, to *die* or *fight*, it is, I think;
"But how is't *dulce*, when you for it *stink?*"

## CCXXX.

*Upon a Woman of the Town.*

Before enjoyment lovers cry,
Of Cupid's fiery darts they die;
Yet, once possest, the fair complains,
No spark of all the flame remains;
The swain that tries *this* lovely dame,
*After* enjoyment finds the *flame.*

## CCXXXI.

*On a bad Painter.*

Fabius, you say, is much inclin'd
Each cheek with too much red to fill;
His pieces only blush to find,
The painter draws their looks so ill.

## CCXXXII.

*The Contest settled.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet would not his vaunts abate,
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding sees;
Ay, quoth the other, *each man toasts his cheese.*

## CCXXXIII.

Tender-handed, stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains:
Grasp it, like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures,
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

## CCXXXIV.

*Victrix causa diis placint, &c.*

The gods and Cato did in this divide:
*They* chose the conqu'ring, *he* the conquer'd side.

## CCXXXV.

I lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow:
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

## CCXXXVI.

Chloe's the wonder of her sex;
'Tis well her heart is tender:
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But nature, graciously inclin'd
With lib'ral hand to please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

## CCXXXVII.

*From the Greek.*

Poor in my youth, and now, when age appears,
Wealthy, I bend beneath the load of years:
Harsh the decrees of my too cruel fate,
Wretched alike, and curs'd in either state:
While I had *pow'r* to *use*—means were deny'd;
And now that pow'r is lost—are they supply'd.

## CCXXXVIII.

*The cruel Beauty weeping.*

Fantastick nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart, obdurate against love.
Strange tears! whose power can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

## CCXXXIX.

*Reverse the Proposition.*

Yes! every poet is a fool:
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

## CCXL.

Jack his own merit sees. This gives him pride;
And he sees more than all the world beside.

## CCXLI.

*A Peer's Dinner.*

When you with upstart nobles dine,
Expect false English, and stumm'd wine:
They never taste, who always drink,—
They always talk who never think.

## CCXLII.

*On the Derivation of the word* NEWS.

The word explains itself, without the muse,
And the four letters speak from whence comes *news*.
From *North*, *East*, *West*, *South*, the solution's made,
Each quarter gives accounts of war and trade.

## CCXLIII.

*To a Lady, very violent against the Quakers' Tythe Bill.*

At Quakers, dear Eusebia, why so wroth?
Just the same principle directs you both;
Just the same practice (and you'll ne'er forsake it,)
Never to *give the thing*, but let us take it.

## CCXLIV.

Why liv'd Calliope so long a maid?
Because she had no dowry to be paid.

## CCXLV.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base,—
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorn's to do't behind their back.

## CCXLVI.

*On a fine Library.*

With eyes of wonder, the gay shelves behold:
Poets, all rags alive, now clad in gold.
In life and death, one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

## CCXLVII.

*On* BUTLER'S *Monument in Westminster Abbey.*

Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,—
He ask'd for *bread*, and he receiv'd a *stone*.

## CCXLVIII.

When *man* and *woman* die, as poets sung,
His *heart's* the last part moves; *her* last, the *tongue*.

## CCXLIX.

Brutus, unmov'd, heard how his Portia fell:
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as well.

## CCL.

Death at a cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand.
At last came Death, in very dirty weather,
And ript the *soal* quite from the *upper leather*:
Death put a trick upon him, and, what was't?
The cobler call'd for's *awl*, Death brought his *last*.

## CCLI.

*On being expell'd a Lady's company.*

Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n:
Like him I go, though to depart I'm loth;
Like him I go, for angels drive us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind—
His Eve went with him, but mine says behind.

## CCLII.

If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And, if they do, fear but augments the pain.

## CCLIII.

When man was made, God sent a *helper* to him;
And so she prov'd, for she help'd to *undo* him.

## CCLIV.

*The Lover's Prologue.*

Kisses are prologues, which forerun
A greater action to be done:
And, to a hungry lover's taste,
Are invitations, not the feast.

## CCLV.

Says Giles, my wife and I are two:
Yet, faith! I know not why, Sir!
Quoth Jack, you're ten, if I speak true,—
She's one, and you're a cypher.

## CCLVI.

The miser Scrapeall sick, for Styptic sends,
The terms 'no *cure* no *pay*' the Leech attends;
From Scrapeall or his heirs the pay is sure,
For Styptic's practice is to *kill* or *cure*.

## CCLVII.

I've heard your loss, your wife is dead,
Consoling Tom to Richard said.
"My wife is dead," cries Dick, "I own;
"But for the loss, I know of none."

## CCLVIII.

Six tedious months young Damon sigh'd
In vain his am'rous tale:
He sued, implor'd: Chlo still deny'd;
No efforts could prevail.
At length he tried the pow'r of gold—
She soon to chide forgot:
The fair one was no longer *cold*,
But prov'd—alas! too *hot*.

## CCLIX.

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,
"Have mercy, Heaven!" the parson cries,
"And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains,
"Thy blessing send in genial rains!"
The sermon ended and the prayers,
The parson to be gone prepares;
When with a look of brighten'd smiles—
"Thank Heaven, it rains," cries farmer Giles.
"Rains!" quoth the parson, "Sure you joke!
"Rain! Heav'n forbid! I've got no cloak."

## CCLX.

*Hic jacet* NED FIB.

Say not with Death that ev'ry foible dies;
Witness poor Ned; he's dead, and here he LIES.

## CCLXI.

*On Dr.* DODDRIDGE'S *Motto,* "*Dum vivimus vivamus.*" *By himself.*

Live, while you live—the *Epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasure of the present day.
Live, while you live—the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views, let both united be!
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee.

## CCLXII.

*The Broad Hint.*

Phillis, you've wish'd me oft to write,
In praise of beauteous red and white,
And, by some am'rous grimaces,
Invited me to praise your graces.
Not to dissemble, therefore, I
Cannot do it, let me die:
But, in the humour I'm now in,
I fain would praise what I've not seen:
'Tis therefore in your pow'r to raise
An ample trophy to your praise.

## CCLXIII.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar.
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

## CCLXIV.

*The Prisoner.*

Brave Titus three years had in London been,
Yet nor the *lions*, nor the *tombs* had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile:
He had been in the *Compter* all the while.

## CCLXV.

ARRIA *and* PŒTUS.

When from her bosom Arria pull'd the blade,
Thus to her lord, the tender heroine said:
The wound I gave myself, with ease I bear—
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

## CCLXVI.

Thus with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend:
Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend;
I know thy fortune is but scant;
But, be assured, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would free him:
His word he kept—in *want* he ne'er *would* see him.

## CCLXVII.

Unhappy, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying;
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

## CCLXVIII.

Ticio stands gazing for the clouded sun,
To be inform'd how fast his hours will run.
Ah! foolish Ticio, art thou sound in mind,
To lose by seeking, what thou seek'st to find?

## CCLXIX.

*Human Inconsistency.*

Weak man would cry if sure to die
Before a month were past;
Yet laughs away this poor short day,
Which is perhaps his last.

## CCLXX.

*To a Parson who lived not up to what he taught.*

T' expect thy doctrine follow'd, were absurd,
When thy life shows, thou credit'st not a word.

## CCLXXI.

*Courage misplaced.*

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble,
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice;
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent, to all three, a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his life,
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

## CCLXXII.

*Written in a Lady's Almanack.*

Think, bright Florella, when you see
The constant changes of the year,
That nothing is from ruin free,
And gayest things must disappear.

Think of your glories in their bloom;
The spring of sprightly youth improve;
For cruel age, alas! will come,
And then 'twill be too late to love.

## CCLXXIII.

### *Epitaph.*

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of ADAM and of EVE—
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?

## CCLXXIV.

### GRIPE *and* SHIFTER.

Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set,
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em, if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man.

## CCLXXV.

When seventy, as 'tis sometimes seen,
Joins hands in wedlock with seventeen,
We all th' unequal match abuse.
But where's the odds we fret about?
Difference in *age* there is no doubt;
In *folly*—not a pin to choose!

## CCLXXVI.

*To a disinherited Spendthrift.*

Thy father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor. *Thou* hast good title still.

## CCLXXVII.

*Epitaph on Sir* JOHN VANBURGH.

Lie heavy on him, Earth: for He
Laid many heavy loads on thee!

## CCLXXVIII.

How apt are men to lie! How dare they say,
When life is gone, all learning fleets away?
Since this glad grave holds Chloe fair and young,
Who, where she is, first *learnt*—to hold her tongue.

## CCLXXIX.

Tho' George, with respect to the wrong and the right,
Is of twenty opinions, 'twixt morning and night;
If you call him a turn-coat you injure the man;
He's the pink of consistency, on his own plan.
While to stick to the strongest is always his trim;
'Tis not he *changes side*, 'tis the side *changes him!*

## CCLXXX.

*On a Wasp settling on* DELIA'S *arm.*

How sweetly careless Delia seems,
(Her innocence can fear no harm)
While round th' envenom'd insect skims,
Then settles on her snowy arm!

Ye flutt'ring beaux, and spiteful bards,
To you this moral truth I sing:—
Sense, join'd to virtue, disregards
Both Folly's buzz, and Satire's sting.

## CCLXXXI.

A *cannon* BALL, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And as on's comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-pack to the surgeon's:
What! cries the Doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said,
His leg was off, and not his head.

## CCLXXXII.

'Tis a mere nothing that you ask, you cry:
If you ask nothing—nothing I deny.

## CCLXXXIII.

*Upon a young gentleman refusing to walk with the author in the Park, because he was not dressed well.*

Friend Col, and I, both full of whim,
To shun each other oft agree;
For I'm not beau enough for him,
And he's too much a beau for me.

Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

## CCLXXXIV.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And born in bed, in bed we die:
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.

## CCLXXXV.

*Electrick Conductors.*

While you, great prince! for knowledge hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
The empire's out of joint:
Franklin a wiser path pursues,
And all your thunder heedless views,
By sticking to the POINT.

## CCLXXXVI.

You sell your wife's rich jewels, lace and clothes;
The price once paid, away the purchase goes:
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold, returns; and still is to be sold.

## CCLXXXVII.

Thus spoke old hum'rous Bowsy from his bed,
When a late visit some rude villains made:
What seek ye here, my friends, at *midnight*, pray?
The devil a thing can I see at *mid-day*.

## CCLXXXVIII.

Says parson Sly, "I'll fib, d'ye see,
If you'll reward me freely."
"Lie on" quoth Nick, "and claim of me,
The bishoprick of E—LYE."

## CCLXXXIX.

*On Marriage.*

Whoever seals the marriage vow,
'Tis well agreed, makes *one of two*;
But who can tell, save God alone,
What numbers may make *two of one*?

## CCXC.

*The Clown's reply.*

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
"Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters:
"Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your Graces,
"As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking of *asses*."

## CCXCI.

*What makes home.*

"Dear friend, of late you seem to shun my door;
To morrow come, we dine exact at four."
"Well, Dick, I'll come, altho' your lady's din
Proves you are not at *home*, and yet within."
No paradox is here—plain sense decrees
Man only is at *home*, where he's at *ease*.

## CCXCII.

*To an Antiquary.*

Give me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new;
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

## CCXCIII.

*Issue joined.*

"Aye! Honesty's a jewel," Richard cry'd,
"That shines the clearer still, the more 'tis try'd."
"True, Dick," quoth Jeremy—"yourself may shew it.
"Your Honesty's so clear—we all *see through it.*"

## CCXCIV.

Were we to judge from scenes profuse,
That happiness from wealth ensues,
All would admire thy lot, be sure;
But when stern reason bids profess
"Man's real wealth is happiness,"
Then thou indeed art very poor.

## CCXCV.

Ye little loves that round her wait,
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As Celia on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper, Strephon *dies!*
If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair disdains to love;
Then laugh, and say 'tis all a lie,—
And haughty Strephon *scorns to die.*

## CCXCVI.

*On* NELL BATCHELOR, *an Oxford Pye-Woman.*

Here, in the dust
The mouldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelor's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.
When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last *puff*—
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her *crust* shall be *rais'd.*

## CCXCVII.

Flam, to my face, is oft too kind;
He over rates both worth and talents:
But then he never fails, I find,
When we're apart—to strike the balance.

## CCXCVIII.

In marriage are two happy things allow'd;
A wife in wedding sheets and in a shroud;
How can the marriage state then be accurs'd,
Since the last day's as happy as the first?

## CCXCIX.

Whilst busy Tim his shop attends,
His *dearee* trades with private friends;
The only diff'rence this is:
While Tim, by every bargain made,
Diminishes his stock in trade,
By's wife his stock encreases.

## CCC.

*The Bully.*

How kind has Nature unto Bluster been,
Who gave him dreadful looks and dauntless mien;
Gave tongue to swagger, eyes to strike dismay,
And, kinder still, gave *legs to run away!*

## CCCI.

The learn'd say laughter is deny'd
To creatures void of reason;
Yet John with laughter strains each side,
And 'tis well known that he's one.

## CCCII.

*On* Foote's *Death.*

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death *took* him *off*, who *took* off all the world.

## CCCIII.

On polard oak, hollow at heart,
Tremendous lightning darted.
Tremble at God's avenging dart,
O! all ye HOLLOW HEARTED.

## CCCIV.

*Dialogue between* HARRY *who had a better Library than Understanding, and* DICK *who had a better Understanding than Library.*

Quoth Harry to his friend one day,
"Would, Richard, I'd thy head!"
'What wilt thou give for't? (Dick replied,)
'The bargain's quickly made.'

"My head, and all my books, I'd give,
"With readiness and freedom."
'I'd take thy books; but with thy head
'I fear I ne'er could read 'em.'

## CCCV.

Still Milo rallies sacred writ,
To win the title of a wit:
'Tis pity but he should obtain it,
Who bravely pays his soul to gain it.

## CCCVI.

*On Mr.* CORNELIUS **.

Nigrinus leads a married life,
Not with his own, but neighbour's wife;
And though Cornelius knows 'tis thus,
The fool's Cornelius *Tacitus*.

## CCCVII.

*The Decanter.*

O thou, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck and single ear;
With well turn'd, narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence;
'Tis thou that firest the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the Nine;
That mirth and soft delight canst move,
Sacred to Venus and to Love.
Yet spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty, I;
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

## CCCVIII.

If Ben to Charles a legacy has given,
The grateful Charles now wishes him—in heaven.

## CCCIX.

*On the diminutive Arch of Blenheim Bridge, built by his Grace* *****.

The Minnows, as through *this* vast arch they pass,
Cry—How like whales we look! thanks to your *Grace.*

## CCCX.

Thomas is sure a most courageous man;
"A *word* and *blow*" for ever is his plan:
And thus his friends explain the curious matter;
He *gives* the *first*, and then *receives* the *latter.*

## CCCXI.

*On a bad Physician as well as Poet.*

As physick and verse both to Phœbus belong,
So the college oft dabble in potion and song;
Hence B*****, resolv'd his emeticks shall hit,
When his recipe fails, gives a puke with his wit.

## CCCXII.

Ned says he lost his wealth by *shipwreck* wholly:
Then vanity's a *sea;* a *rock* is folly.

## CCCXIII.

*On seeing the words "Domus Ultima" inscribed on the vault belonging to the Dukes of* RICHMOND, *in the Cathedral of Chichester.*

Did he, who thus inscrib'd this wall,
Not read, and not believe, St. Paul,
Who says, there is, where'er it stands,
"Another house not made with hands!"
Or shall we gather from these words,
That house is not *a house of Lords?*

## CCCXIV.

*By Dr.* FARMER, *on being in company with a number of ladies whose name began with a B.*

How strange it is that Cupid should decree
That all our favourites should begin with *B.*
How shall we solve this paradox of ours?—
The *Bee* comes always to the *sweetest flowers.*

## CCCXV.

*On the Death of the Earl of Kildare.*

Who *kill'd Kildare?* Who *dared Kildare* to *kill?*
*Death answers,*
I *kill'd Kildare,* and *dare kill* whom I will.

## CCCXVI.

*On Lord* NELSON'S *victory at the Nile.*

*France* saw great Nelson chasing o'er the waves
Her flying heroes, and tyrannick slaves;
Sorely she rued their ill advis'd departure—
They meant to hunt the *Turk*, but caught a *Tartar*.

## CCCXVII.

*On the report of the Royal Family of France being taken, by the King's stopping to drink a bottle of Burgundy.*

"Sire," said the anxious Queen, "for God's sake think
"What it may cost us, if you stop to drink."
"Ma'am," quoth the King (and tost a bumber down,)
"You know it cannot cost above a CROWN."

## CCCXVIII.

*On Lord Chief Justice E———.*

In spite of quirk, quibble, writ of error, or flaw,
Since *Law** is made justice, seek justice from law.

* *Law* is the family name.

## CCCXIX.

*Matrimony; in imitation of* CHAUCER.

Right welle by learned clerkis it is said,
That womanhoode for manne his use was made;
But naughtie manne liketh not *one* or soe,
But wisheth aye unthriftilie for mo;
And when by holy church to *one* he's tied,
Then for his soule he cannot her abide.

Thus when a dogge first lighteth on a bone,
His taile he waggeth, gladde thereof y-grown;
But if thilke bone unto his *taile* thou tie,
Pardie, he fearing it, away doth flie.

## CCCXX.

*The Wish.*

If some good natur'd pow'r divine
E'er deign to view this cot of mine;
And if that god, as gods have been
Delighted with a rural scene,
Well pleas'd, will promise to impart
The bliss that heaves my ling'ring heart;
This wish I'll readily present—
"Make me in every state content."

## CCCXXI.

*Epigram on an Epigram.*

Take a portion of wit,
And fashion it fit,
Like a needle, with point and with eye:
A *point* that can wound,
An *eye* to look round,
And at *folly* or *vice* let it fly.

## CCCXXII.

*On Dr.* FRIEND's *long-winded Epitaphs.*

Friend! in your epitaphs I'm griev'd,
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

## CCCXXIII.

I've lost my mistress, horse, and wife;
But when I think on human life,
I'm glad it is no worse:
My wife was ugly and a scold;
My Chloe was grown lean and old—
I'm sorry for my horse!

## CCCXXIV.

*The Fan.*

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she with gentle art and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,—
To every other breast a flame.

## CCCXXV.

Whilst Zoilus, with canker'd spite,
My reputation slays,
The way that I his spleen requite,
Is loading him with praise.

How oddly happy is my case,
'Tis easy to conceive,
Since whatsoever either says,
No mortal can believe.

## CCCXXVI.

I perish of too much desire,
If she inexorable prove;
And shall with too much joy expire,
If she be gracious to my love.

Thus nought can cure my wounded breast,
But I most certain am to die;
Or by the ill by which possest,
Or by the happy remedy.

## CCCXXVII.

*On ***, Poet and Cutler.*

Vulcan, they say, made mighty arms for Mars,
(Cuckolds are kind) but he ne'er made a verse:
Apollo, he made verses, but in's life,
I never heard that e'er he made a knife.
Now *** does all that both these gods could do—
Hammers out verses and hard iron too.

## CCCXXVIII.

If Lucy but wear it, a feather's a charm;
Ah! who can be safe when a feather can harm?
Fly, Youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art;
And, warn'd by the *feather*, beware of the *dart*.

## CCCXXIX.

*On a Lady who valued herself for her sincerity.*

Well you sincerity display;
A virtue wondrous rare!
Nor value, though the world should say
You're *rude*, so you're sincere.
To be *sincere*, then, give me leave,
And I will frankly own,
Since you but this one virtue have,
'Twere better you had none.

## CCCXXX.

*On Dean* SWIFT'S *bequeathing his Fortune to build a Mad-House.*

To madness Swift bequeaths his whole estate;
Why should we wonder? Swift is right in that:
For 'tis a rule, as all our lawyers know,
Men's fortunes to the next of kin should go;
And 'tis as sure, unless old bards have ly'd,
Great wits and madness are most near ally'd.

## CCCXXXI.

Nell, try'd for stealing linen, answer'd swift,
Compell'd through want, she did it—for a *shift*.

## CCCXXXII.

*On an accident that happened at the original representation of* CATO.

While Maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia sat;
But tho' her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Thro' secret paths with copious streams she mourns,
Like twenty river gods with all their urns;
Let others screw a hypocritick face;
She shows her grief in a sincerer place!
Here Nature reigns, and passion void of art;
For that road leads directly to the heart.

## CCCXXXIII.

While Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
Of rival grief to weep their pious king;
The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of Cam, in pity wrote;
From their learn'd brothers they took off the curse,
And prov'd their verse *not bad*—by writing *worse*.

## CCCXXXIV.

Your Poll, Sir Knight, with deep concern you own,
To mother church is such a bigot grown,
That she her Father visits—though forbidden:
Ah, friend! I shrewdly fear thy wife's *priest-ridden*.

## CCCXXXV.

*On a Sight at Lambeth.*

While bunters, attending the archbishop's door,
Accosted each other with *cheat, bitch,* and *whore*;
I noted the drabs, and considering the place,
Concluded 'twas *plain* that they wanted *his grace.*

## CCCXXXVI.

*On a Lady's refusing to show her Hand.*

No argument could Celia move;
With strong reluctance still she strove,
Her lovely hand to hide;
The case is plain; she was afraid,
That, plac'd in view, it might be said,
'Twas by *her hand they* dy'd.

## CCCXXXVII.

*The Prudent Maid.*

Help me, nature; help me, art;
Why should I deny my heart:
If a lover will pursue,
Like the wisest let me do;
I will fit him, if he's true;
If he's false, I'll fit him too.

## CCCXXXVIII.

*On a bad Translation of* HORACE.

ONCE Horace fancy'd, from a man,
He was transform'd into a *swan;*
But * * * as from him thou learnest,
Hast made the man a *goose* in earnest.

## CCCXXXIX.

With industry I spread your *praise,*
With equal you my *censure* blaze;
But faith, 'tis all in vain we do,—
The world nor credits *me,* nor *you.*

## CCCXL.

While Corydon with awkward grace,
And downcast modesty of face,
  Accosts the pest Lycoris;
She, who before was never coy,
With pride insults the bashful boy,
  Nor heeds his love-sick stories.
In vain his friends oppose his flame,
And tell him his disdainful dame
  Is but a very *woman:*
He swears she is a goddess bright;—
While she, to fit her lover right,
  Imagines he is *no man.*

## CCCXLI.

*To a coy Lady.*

'Tis the Arabian bird alone
Lives chaste, because there is but one:
But had kind nature made them two,
They would like doves and sparrows do.

## CCCXLII.

The Jews, as we in Sacred Writ are told,
To *buy* a god, gave Aaron all their gold;
But Christians now, times are so monstrous odd,
To heap up gold, will even *sell* their God.

## CCCXLIII.

Fickle is vext at heart, he says, to see
His Lydia look on him so scurvily:
Thou art a most unconscionable man;
Would'st have the girl look better than she can?

## CCCXLIV.

*On a Statue of Cupid.*

Whoe'er thou art, thy lord and master see:
Thou *wast* my slave, or *art*, or thou *shalt* be.

## CCCXLV.

I die with sadness, if the blushing fair
These eyes adore, rejects her lover's prayer;
I die with transport, if her gentle ear
Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.
How shall a wretch his fate contrive to shun,
Both by her rigour and her smiles undone?
Each way I look, I view my ruin sure;
Fall by the wound, or perish by the cure!

## CCCXLVI.

Hoary Apicius, like Sicilia's mount,
Tho' winter veils its venerable front,
Tho' its grave head is cover'd o'er with snow,
Yet labours with incessant fires below.

## CCCXLVII.

*A new Solution to an old Problem.*

'Tis clear, since Brandy kill'd Tom's scolding wife,
That drinking rids us of the *cares* of life.

## CCCXLVIII.

*The Road to Ruin.*

Tom's coach and six! whither in such haste going?
But a short journey—to his own undoing.

## CCCXLIX.

*To a Lady, who turned her cheek to him, when he went to kiss her.*

Is't for a grace, or is't for some dislike,
That, when I'd kiss your lips, you turn your cheek?
Some think this carriage rude in your behaviour,
But I should rather think it for a favour.
For I, to show my kindness and my love,
Would leave both lip and cheek, to kiss your glove:
And, with the cause to make you full acquainted,
Your glove's perfum'd, your lips and cheeks are painted.

## CCCL.

*On the Achievement over the Door of* ——

The coat exactly with his manners suits:
How near akin the master and the brutes!
His qualities were ne'er so well exprest;
*Wolves* his supporters, and a *bear* his crest.

## CCCLI.

'Cause Charles delights to hear himself,
You call him a conceited elf:
From censure let his patience clear him;
Who else could ever bear to hear him?

## CCCLII.

*On opening the Distilleries, during a season of peculiar distress.*

Oppress'd by taxes, dearth, and debt,
The sun of happiness is set;
But ****** to keep from thinking,
Bids *British spirits* flow for drinking:—
First renders life not worth our care,—
Then gives us *poison* 'gainst despair.

## CCCLIII.

No more, O Rome, thy wrong belief defend;
No more for *seven* sacraments contend:
Each wedded wretch will feelingly proclaim,
*Penance* and *Matrimony* are the same.

## CCCLIV.

A *chimney-sweep* and *baker* went to fight;
The baker beat the chimney-sweeper white:
The chimney-sweep, tho' laid upon his back,
Took wind, and quickly beat the baker *black*.
In came a *brickdust-man*, with porter fed,
And beat both chimney-sweep and baker *red*.
Thus *red*, *black*, *white*, in clouds together lay,
And none could tell which party had the day.

## CCCLV.

*On a fine Library.*

With eyes of wonder, the gay shelves behold:
Poets, all rags alive, now clad in gold.
In life and death, one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

## CCCLVI.

*To a Lady, on seeing her blush.*

Leila, whene'er I gaze on thee,
My alter'd cheek turns pale,
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
A deep'ning blush prevail.

Leila, shall I the cause impart,
Why such a change takes place?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
To mantle on thy face.

## CCCLVII.

*The Miser's Feast.*

His chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out *fire*.

## CCCLVIII.

When quacks, (as quacks may, by good luck, to be
sure,
Blunder out, at hap-hazard, a desperate cure,)
In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient, and doctor, are amply display'd:
All this is quite just—and no mortal can blame it;
If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it:
But there's reason to think they might save more
lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill!

## CCCLIX.

### *A Prayer for Poets.*

May every poet long be bless'd with health,
And if it please the lady muses—wealth!
But, if too often eating makes them dull;
If none can write well, while the pocket's full;
Their wonted skill ye gentle *nine* restore;
And let them starve, just as they did before.

## CCCLX.

### *The last Test.*

When death puts out our *flame*, the *snuff* will tell
If we were *wax* or *tallow*, by the smell.

## CCCLX.

### *Cupid Mistaken.*

At Laura's feet the God of love
  His arrows and his quiver lays;
Forgets he has a throne above,
  And with this lovely creature stays.
Not Venus' beauties are more bright;
  But each appears so like the other,
That Cupid has mistook the right,
  And takes the nymph to be his mother.

## CCCLXI.

### *The Inconsistent.*

When I sent you my melons, you cried out with scorn,
  "They ought to be *heavy*, and *wrinkled*, and *yellow*:"
When I offered myself, whom those graces adorn,
  You flouted, and call'd me an *ugly old* fellow.

## CCCLXII.

### *The Universal Devotion.*

Various religions various tenets hold,
But *all* one God acknowledge—namely *gold*.

## CCCLXIII.

*The Age difficult to please.*

How shall we please this age? if in a song
We put above six lines, they count it long;
If we contract it to an epigram,
As deep the dwarfish poetry they damn:
If we write plays, few see above an act,
And these men-milliners and wits detract.
Let us write satires then, and, at our ease,
Vex all ill-natur'd fools we cannot please.

## CCCLXIV.

*On Mr.* Cork.

To keep our claret good and fine,
Bottles with corks we stop;
But here's a Cork, consumes the wine,
And drinks it every drop.

## CCCLXV.

Can *you* then ask, why 'tis we find
The God of Love is painted blind?
Because, dear maid, the only eyes
Which blooming Cupid e'er could prize,
Those eyes of soft cerulean hue,
Nature reserved and gave to you.

## CCCLXVI.

*On a Red-Haired Beauty.*

When nature's pencil drew this piece,
With so much skill and artifice;
She, for its greater worth and fame,
Thus set it in a *golden frame.*
If in these outward parts we find
Such wealth, what bears her richer mind?

## CCCLXVII.

*Grace after Dinner at a Miser's Table.*

Thanks for this miracle! it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine, we have had relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef;
Chimneys have smok'd, that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd—where we shall dine no more.

## CCCLXVIII.

RECEIPT FOR BAD MEMORIES.

*Omnia promittis, cum tota nocte bibisti:*
*Mane nihil præstas: Postume, mane bibe.*

You drink all night, and promise much,
Your word at day-break scorning;
I would, friend Dick, you'd take a touch
At Bacchus in the morning!

## CCCLXIX.

*To a Lady with a Basket of Fruit.*

Once of forbidden fruit the mortal taste
Chang'd beauteous Eden to a dreary waste.
Here you may freely eat, secure the while
From latent poison, or insidious guile.
Yet O could I but happily infuse
Some secret charm into the sav'ry juice,
Of power to tempt your gentle breast to share
With me the peaceful cot and rural fare;
A diff'rent fate shall crown the blest device,
And change my desert to a paradise!

## CCCLXX.

"How sleepy your coat is," says old Jerry Day.
"My coat sleepy, good fellow!—d'ye know what you say?"
"Yes, I do well enough; for your coat is so old,
And so threadbare, 'twill scarcely defend you from cold.
And sleepy it must be, when (hear, who have ears)
It has wanted a *nap* for these last seven years."

## CCCLXXI.

*Mutatis Mutandis.*

When painters or sculptors give *Justice* a face,
On her eyes a broad bandage, to blind her, they place;
But, methinks, with all proper respect to the law,
She might judge so much better, the better she saw.
Tie her hands, if you please; and I care not how much:
She may look where she will—so you don't let her touch.

## CCCLXXII.

*Repentance.*

'Tis not to cry out *mercy*, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd;
'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd:
He that *bewails*, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather what he *means to do*.

## CCCLXXIII.

*On two Young Ladies ironing their Linen.*

Were but your hearts, as are your heaters, warm,
Your kindness then would, like your beauty, charm:
But you are ice, your lovers all on fire;
You, strong aversion; they, all o'er desire:
Make but a compound, and you'll well agree;
The ice will melt, the fire less furious be.

## CCCLXXIV.

### On Thomas More.

A poetical tourist satirically lies,
"*Dogs* and partizans only saluted his eyes:"
Had his vision been brighter, he'd certainly swore,
While he was in Norfolk, there was *one puppy* More.

## CCCLXXV.

The handsome Linder, young and gay,
Married Acantha t'other day:
She's sordid, ugly, peevish, proud,
Disgusting, insolent, and loud.
Strange man!—yet e'en her enemies
Must grant her *two* good qualities:—
She's more than *seventy summers old*,
And has *ten thousand pounds* in gold.

## CCCLXXVI.

George, closely dunn'd for money due,
At once his lack of cash betray'd:
"I'll *make* you find it, Sir!"—"Ah do;
And you shall be the first that's paid."

## CCCLXXVII.

"Behold an honest man," said Clyde,
*Pointing* to where Lothario sat;
"These are the times," his friend replied,
"When *honest* men are *pointed at*."

## CCCLXXVIII.

*On the Repeal of the Excise Laws.*

Wise Mammouth, in the chair of state,
By slanders foul obtain'd,
How he should keep it, held debate,
By the same arts 'twas gain'd.

He pass'd his forces in review,
Smith, Cheetham, Jones, Duane—
"Dull rascals—they will never do,"
Quoth he—"I'll send for PAINE."

Then, from his darling den in *France*,
To tempt the wretch to come,
He made Tom's brain with flatt'ry dance,
And *took the tax from* RUM.

## CCCLXXIX.

*Epitaph.*

Here lies the mouldering dust of one,
Whose character these lines will tell:
The *good* he did was *badly* done;
The *bad* he did was done *too well.*

## CCCLXXX.

What better reasons can you guess
Why men are poor, and ladies thinner,
But thousands now for *dinner dress*,
Till nothing's left to *dress for dinner?*

## CCCLXXXI.

*Epitaph.*

Here lays mine wife, Got thanked be;
She always used to scholt at me:
Chentle reader, quit the sodt,
Or she will scholt at you, by Got!

## CCCLXXXII.

*On a Person of remarkable taciturnity.*

Exceptions lie to every rule;
But here conflicting doubts arise:
If thou art wise, thou'rt much a fool;
But if a fool, thou'rt wondrous wise.

## CCCLXXXIII.

A lady, reading Damon's sonnet,
Made this dire resolution on it—
"In vain, in vain, is all you've said,
"For I'm resolv'd to die a maid:"
But this on window-glass she wrote,
To which has been attach'd a note—
"The lady, who this resolution took,
"Wrote it on *glass*, to show it might be *broke*."

## CCCLXXXIV.

*A neat Pun.*

Though Mira's cheek love's native hue discloses,
I like her *two lips* better than her *roses*.

## CCCLXXXV.

As blooming Harriet moved along,
The fairest of the beauteous throng,
The beaux gazed on with admiration,
Avow'd by many an exclamation—
What form! what *naiveté!* what grace!
What roses deck that Grecian face!
"Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's not Harriet's,
'Twas bought at Reynolds', Moore's, or Marriott's;
And though you vow her face untainted,
I swear, *by God*, your beauty's painted."
A wager instantly was laid,
And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
Nor e'en the impious oath conceal'd.
Confused—her cheek bore witness true;
By turns the roses came and flew.
"Your bet," she said, "is rudely odd—
But I *am* painted, Sir—*by God.*"

## CCCLXXXVI.

*Lines worked on a Hearth Rug.*

Fair one, take heed how you advance,
Nor trust your own undoing;
If you're too *forward* (fearful chance!)
A *spark* may prove your *ruin*.

## CCCLXXXVII.

When Joe was poor as poor could be,
*Drunk as a beggar* still was he;
Espousing then a wealthy dame,
Sudden a fortune to him came:
To drink, he now could well afford,
And daily got *drunk as a lord.*

## CCCLXXXVIII.

*On the Marriage of Mr.* WILD *to Miss* JOY.

First courtship, *Wild* with *Joy* ecstatic,
The brighten'd hours of youth beguil'd;
Then marriage snatch'd the *Joy* emphatic,
And left the parties *doubly* WILD.

## CCCLXXXIX.

*On the same.*

As Harriet, in the dance's maze,
Like Venus mov'd, like Venus smil'd,
Her brilliant charms, like Orpheus' lays,
Polish'd the rough, and *tam'd* the *Wild.*

Our bliss how soon the Fates destroy!
She, who with *Joy* all hearts beguil'd,
Herself has bid farewell to *Joy*,
And Harriet, now, is downright WILD!

## CCCXC.

*On the Marriage of Mr.* EATON *to Miss* PAINE.

Dire Fates! to give a lady *Paine*,
Thus to be *Eaton* ere she's *slain!*

## CCCXCI.

*On the Marriage of Mr.* GRAY *to Miss* CLAY.

"Of dust thou art, (so man was curst)
"And thou again shalt turn to dust."
William, the mandate to obey,
Though not to *dust*, has *turn'd* to *Clay*;
And Mary (strange!—'tis yet a truth)
Has turn'd quite *Gray* in bloom of *youth*.

## CCCXCII.

*On the Marriage of Mr.* BATCHELDER *to Miss* MUCHMORE.

Tis thus that Hymen cracks his joke;
A hoax, a quiz, a bore!
The bridegroom's still a "*Batchelder*,"
The bride is not "*Much-more*."

## CCCXCIII.

Some women are like books, whose *outward* show
Of red and gold attracts the learned beau:
*Within* are found no characters imprest:
'Tis *blotted* paper; or quite BLANK, at best.

## CCCXCIV.

J'avouerai sans peine avec vous
Que tous les poetes sont fous,
Mais sachant bien ce que vous êtes,
Tous les fous ne sont pas poetes.

*Translation.*

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

## CCCXCV.

Sylla declares the world shall know,
That he's my most determin'd foe.—
I wish him *wide* the tale to spread;
For all that I from Sylla dread,
Is, lest the knave to serve some end,
Should one day swear, that he's my friend.

## CCCXCVI.

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recal,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall!
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

## CCCXCVII.

*Le Moyen de vivre long tems.*

Comme vous portez-vous, Monsieur de Pézénas ?
En vérité, les enfans d'Hyppocrate
A vos dépens ne s'enrichiront pas.
—Non, Monsu, jé les nargue, et très-fort, jé m'en flatte :
J'ai des moyens, à moi particuliers,
Pour mé garer dé mal-encombre.
—Comment ?—Lé fait est clair : j'ai trente créanciers
Qui font pour ma santé des prières sans nombre ;
Jé vivrai des siècles entiers.

*Translation.*

Dear Harry ! each revolving day
Adds to your spirits and your health ;
The cheated doctors cannot say,
At your expense they have their wealth.

"Why yes ; I think I have an art ;
A secret that is known to few ;
And, as a friend, I'll now impart
The grand *catholicon* to you.

"I've more than *thirty creditors*,
Who, anxious for their darling wealth,
Unceasing, weary Heaven with prayers
To grant me length of life and health."

## CCCXCVIII.

N'exigez point que votre Amante
Daigne jurer d'être constante ;
Ce serment, qu'on trouve si doux,
Profane un nœud comme le nôtre ;
Quiconque aura du goût pour vous,
N'en aura jamais pour un autre.

*Translation.*

Ask not, dear Jack, the girl you love
To *swear* she'll always constant prove :
This oath, which others may desire,
'Tis quite *superfluous* to require ;
For she, whose passion *you* can move,
I'll swear, will ne'er another love.

## CCCXCIX.

Si vous voulez savoir votre bonne aventure,
A Canidie ayez recours,
Qui voit dans un miroir le Diable tous les jours
Quand elle arrange sa coëffure.

*Translation.*

Would you your future fortune know,
Consult no witch—to Martha go ;
Each morn, when standing at her glass,
The DEVIL stares her in the face.

## CCCC.

*La Fille raisonnable.*

Notre curé crie et s'emporte,
Il me défend d'aimer Lubin !
Il me dit d'aimer mon prochain,
Et Lubin demeure à ma porte.

*Translation.*

Papa, who says the precept given—
*To* LOVE *my* NEIGHBOUR—came from Heaven,
Flatly forbids my loving more
The gentle, modest Theodore :
Yet *he's* my *neighbour*—or I've none ;—
For his estate adjoins our own.

## CCCCI.

La fille qui cause nos pleurs,
Est morte des pâles couleurs,
Au plus bel âge de sa vie :
Pauvre fille, que je te plains
De mourir d'une maladie,
Dont il est tant de médicins.

*Translation.*

Of one complaint how many die !
For healing aid how many sigh !
Alas, ye fair, how hard your fate is,
To die, when we would cure you *gratis* !

## CCCCII.

Lorsque vous paroissez, Clitie,
En habit d'homme travestie,
Vous avez l'air si séducteur,
Qu'il n'en est point, sur ma parole,
Qui ne vous offrît de bon cœur
Ce qui vous manque pour ce rôle.

*Translation.*

*To a Lady dressed in Men's Clothes.*

Clarissa, you so lovely show,
Drest in the habit of a beau,
That I would give, with all my heart,
What you're deficient in the part.

## CCCCIII.

Malgré Rome et ses adhérens,
Ne comptons que six sacremens :
Pour en admettre davantage,
Faut n'avoir pas le sens commun ;
Car pénitence et mariage,
Suivant mon avis, n'en font qu'un.

*Translation.*

The church of Rome (alone inspir'd by Heaven)
Of holy sacraments embraces seven ;
And yet she makes but six, when all is done ;
For *marriage* and *repentance* are but *one*.

## CCCCIV.

Le mariage est un melon
Qu'il faut goûter dans sa saison :
Trop mur, il ne vaut pas le diable,
Trop verd, il ne vaut rien non plus ;
Il faut un milieu convenable :
*In medio jacet virtus.*

*Translation.*

Love is a fruit, that, to be sweet,
In season must be always eat :
Too green, to pluck it is a sin ;
Too ripe, it is not worth a pin :
A middle course will never hurt us—
In *medio* jacet virtus.

## CCCCV.

Que ta voix divine me touche !
Et que je serois fortuné,
Si je pouvois rendre à ta bouche
Le plaisir qu'elle m'a donné !

*Translation.*

The thrilling music of your voice
Transports my ravish'd soul to heaven :
O could I on those lips return
The pleasure they to me have given !

## CCCCVI.

Un jour Climene, au mal d'enfant,
  Crioit à pleine tête,
Et son mari, triste et dolent,
  Pleuroit comme une bête.
Tout beau, tout beau, ne pleurez pas,
  Dit la fine Climene ;
Car, par ma foi, vous n'êtes pas
  La cause de ma peine.

*Translation.*

Clarissa, in her pangs, complains and cries,
(While pitying tears bedew her husband's eyes)
"Grieve not for me ; those flowing tears restrain ;
"It is not *you*, my dear, who *cause* my pain."

## CCCCVII.

*In the Greek manner.*

What charms adorn the blushing rose,
  That opes its bosom to the day !
How bright the gems its leaves disclose,
  That sparkle in the orient ray !

Superiour charms, superiour grace,
  In lovely Emma are combined :
The rose but emulates her face ;
  Its dewy gems her purer mind.

## CCCCVIII.

Ton oncle, dis tu, l'assassin,
M'a guéri d'une maladie :
La preuve qu'il ne fut jamais mon médicin,
C'est que je suis encore en vie.

TRANSLATION.

*To a Physician.*

You say you physick'd me, when lately ill:
To prove you did not, I am *living still.*

## CCCCIX.

(*From the Greek.*)

*Blest* with happiness is he,
Whose lot it is to gaze on thee;
*More* blest is he, and happier far,
Whom thou permitt'st thy voice to *hear*;
He is a *demi-god* in bliss,
Whose glowing lips obtain a *kiss*;
But he who *clasps* thee in his *arms*—
A GOD it is enjoys thy charms!*

* Qui te videt beatus est;
Beator qui te audiet;
Qui basiat semi-deus est;
Qui te potitur est deus!

## CCCCX.

*Sur une Vieille Dévote.*

A quinze ans, le démon la prit à son service,
Elle a sous ses drapeaux doublement combattu;
Jeune, elle eut l'art de faire aimer le vice,
Vieille, elle fait détester la vertu.

*Translation.*

When Sal had beauty to entice,
She made us then *in love* with *vice*;
But now (turn'd *devotee* of late)
What's worse, she makes us *virtue hate.*

## CCCCXI.

The amorous parson, with becoming passion,
Censures, at church, the sin of fornication:
"Why," asks his friend, "do you such lessons teach,
Who practise the reverse of what you preach?"
"Psha!" he replies, "these precepts we advance,
That *you* and *I* may have the *better chance.*"

## CCCCXII.

Light is a *feather*; *dust* is lighter still;
Than dust, still lighter is the veering *wind*;
Lighter than wind is *woman's* fickle will;
And *nothing's* lighter than a woman's mind.*

* Quid levius pluma? pulvus; quid pulvere? ventus;
Quid vento? mulier; quid muliere? nihil.

## CCCCXIII.

Quand Moïse fit défense
D'aimer la femme d'autrui,
Il donna pour récompense
Deux femmes à chaque mari.
A présent qu'on n'en a qu'une,
Blonde, quand on la veut brune,
Eh quoi! n'est-il pas permis
D'aimer la femme d'autrui?

*Translation.*

When Moses, in the Jewish law,
Forbade to love another's wife,
In lieu thereof he gave him *twa*,
To smooth the rugged road of life.
But now, when we're allow'd but *ane*,
Does this restriction still remain?
If the *condition* be destroy'd,
Is not the *obligation* void?

## CCCCXIV.

George, as he idly saunter'd down the street,
Saw written on a door—*A room to let:*
He knocks—and while a fair one shows the room,
With Venus' form, and Hebe's youthful bloom,
Asks, "Can I hire *you with* it, fair unknown?"
"No" she replies:—"*I'm to be* LET—ALONE."

## CCCCXV.

*A Lady to her Lover, whose name was* NOT.

Why urge, dear sir, a bashful maid
To change her single lot?
When well you know, I've often said,
In truth, I love you, NOT.

For all your pain, I do, NOT, care;
And trust me, on my life,
Though you had millions, I declare,
I would, NOT, be your wife.

## CCCCXVI.

As Florio once, with praise of Garrick fired,
Th' electrick lustre of his eye admired;
Declared, no mortal language e'er express'd
Its magick power to storm the human breast;
While he the poverty of words deplor'd,
At length exclaim'd, *'T would penetrate a board.*
"Aye! now (cries Frank) your meaning I descry;
"You would observe, he has a *gimblet eye!*

## CCCCXVII.

Boira, his feet with flannel bound,
Cried as the glass went briskly round;
"Jack, you drink *more* than I, 'tis true;
But *I* drink with a greater *goût*:"
Jack quick replied, "There is no doubt
*You* drink your wine with greater *gout*."

## CCCCXVIII.

De tes enfans tu te crois pere;
Colin, tu fais bien, selon moi:
Le mariage est un mystere
Qui demande beaucoup de foi.

*Translation.*

Jack fondly owns his infant son,
Nor doubts whate'er my lady saith:
Marriage's a *mystery*, I own,
That does require a deal of *faith*.

## CCCCXIX.

La prude Alix disoit à l'ivrogne Grégoire:
Je suis veuve, & sur mon honneur!
Jamais besoin d'amour n'a troublé ma mémoire.
Je le crois bien, dit le rusé Buveur!
Et moi, je n'ai jamais senti celui de boire.

*Translation.*

"'Tis now," said Myra, "twice three years
Since first I shed a *widow's* tears;
Yet since the hour my husband died
I've never for *another* sigh'd."
Quoth *drunken* Jack, "'Tis more than nine,
Since I have sigh'd for *want* of *wine*."

*END.*